backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee marryed once. I haue my wiſh.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be marryed?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his Loue.

Nurſe. *A man yong Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower,

Nurſe. *Nay, hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of yong *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire Volume lyes,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To beautifie him, onely lackes a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold clapſes, locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefely can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart myne eye
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flye. *Enter ſeruing.*

Seruing. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald, my yong Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to waite, I beſeech you follow ſtraight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtayes.

Nurſe. Goe gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.
Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſix other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood-winckt with a Skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance,

Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.

Romeo. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie burthen doe I ſinke.

Mercu. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.